Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus ſet downe: he ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well.
But yet doe I beleeue the origen and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You needs not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vſe all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, and as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, O it offends me to the ſoule, to heare a robuſtious perwig-pated fellow tere

a paſſion to totters, to very rags, to ſpleet the eares of the groundlings, who for the moſt part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, and noyſe: I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own e diſcretion bee your tutor, ſuite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance, that you ore-ſteppe not the modeſty of nature: For any thing ſo ore-doone, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at the firſt, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to ſhew vertue her feature, ſcorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardy off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the cenſure of which one, muſt in your allowance oreweigh a whole Theater of others. O there bee Players that I haue ſeene play, and heard others prayſd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iournemen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barraine ſpectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the foole that vſes it: goe make you ready. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, and Roſencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.
Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. Will you two help to haſten them?
Roſ. I my Lord *Exeunt thoſe two.*
Ham. What how, *Horatio*. *Enter Horatio.*
Hora. Heere ſweete Lord, at your ſeruice.
Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuſt a man
As ere my converſation copt withall.
Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham N